

From the Ohio Statesman.  
**BROTHER JONATHAN'S  
 Great Ploughing Match.**

The annals of agriculture contain no example of a ploughing match equal to that of which I propose to give a brief description.

An old gentleman, familiarly known as "Uncle Sam," has an extensive farm consisting of twenty-six fields; he is in the habit of leasing it out by a vote of his sons every four years; and for a number of years past, it has been in the tenure of the Democratic family. The reason assigned for this is, that the members of that family are mostly good farmers. For eight years it was managed by old Andrew, the farmer of Pennsylvania, and at present it is held by old Martin, the farmer of New York. The Federal family who contend that they have a deep interest in this farm, inasmuch as that they possess at least two-thirds of the wealth and capital by which it is operated, have long tried to get some one of their family into its general superintendency; but Uncle Sam's sons have hitherto rejected their application, on the ground that they were too fond of embellishment and display and instead of improving the soil, would spend their time in erecting "light houses to the sky," gaudy buildings, and laying it off in flower gardens, orange groves, and so forth.

In this state of affairs, the Federal family became greatly exasperated, and swore that unless some one of their family should be placed at the head of the farm, its affairs would go to ruin—in other words, that they would use their wealth and capital to the derangement of its concerns. This alarmed some of Uncle Sam's sons, who, with all their patriotism, have some seeds of avarice in their hearts, and would sooner the farm should have a bad tenant than get out of pocket money themselves; accordingly some of them evinced a disposition to favor the Federal family "at least for one term." It was last agreed that to test the claims of the two families to the reputation of good farmers, a Ploughing Match should be had on the farm; that each family should choose its ploughman, and the family whose plough team and work, should prove to be the best upon a fair public trial, should have the management of the farm.

This proposition delighted the Federal family; they were at once thrown into ecstasies of joy; some tore the ruffles from their shirts, and flinging them on the ground, with their castors and British broad-cloth, crying out "lie there Aristocracy till after the election,"—others moved out of their splendid mansions, whose vaulted ceilings were hung with silk, and rusticated in log cabins; instead of pointer dogs and spaniels, they fondle tame racoons; some who daily feasted on the choicest viands and quaffed sparkling champagnes in private, now made a merit of publicly munching corn cakes and guzzling hard cider; while others, throwing by their silk gloves thrust their delicate hands into vulgar buckskin mittens, and went to chopping down buckeye trees to be manufactured into political flag-staffs. Meanwhile the Democratic family manifested no kind of anxiety about the event, as farming and ploughing was no novelty to them, and waived the day appointed with the utmost composure, and without any extraordinary preparation.

When the day arrived, the whole Federal family were in the field. Their team consisted of a huge English bull, as black as jet called "ABOLITION," and a large English cow, which they named "U. S. BANK." The yoke looked well, but upon close examination, it was found to consist of a kind of timber called "National Debt," covered with gold leaf; it was inscribed "Modern Whiggery." The beam of the plough was a hollow piece of a soft and pliant texture, called "Non-commitment." The point or coultre was inscribed with the word "PANIC," and the mould board was covered with pieces of paper called "Post Notes." Instead of a chain, they had a thick rope, which they said was very strong spun out of a sort of stuff denominated "Confidential Committees." The driver held a gaud, bearing this motto: "The time for reason and argument is gone by."

The ploughman soon made his appearance, surrounded by a host of bank officers, brokers, speculators, panic breeders and office hunters. He was a spare built weakly old man, about 70 years of age. He had on an old coat which he wore twenty years ago, and which fit him very well, manufactured of real cloth; and lined and faced for this occasion with a flimsy kind of stuff called "British Whiggery." His hat was half military, and on the "tip" was endorsed "Answer to the Oswego & Louisville Committees." Upon his arm hung a canteen labelled "Hard Cider."

When he placed himself between the handles of the plough, a hum of murmur ran through the family on account of his age and infirmities, but they were soon silenced by the knowing ones, who said he would have "plenty of good help from the old Federal phalanx."

The Democratic team now appeared upon the ground, followed by a throng of plain, hard-fisted men, who looked as though they had been used to such sport.—The ploughman was a close-set Dutchman horn and teared on his daddy's farm at Kinderhook, and the way he brought his team on the ground was the right way. Two fine prancing horses, called Linsbury and

Equality, docily harnessed, stood before the plough, that made the farmers eyes glisten to look upon. The beam was made of seasoned hickory, and inscribed "THE CONSTITUTION;" the coultre consisted of a kind of stuff called "Free Suffrage;" the share was "Sincerity," and the mould board was made of "Fixed Principles."

All preliminaries being arranged, the word was given, and the teams started.—The bull and cow worked together remarkably well, and if it had depended on them alone, they would perhaps have been turned up in some sort of way. But the plough proved to be defective in many respects; the beam turning and twisting in every direction, made the furrows crooked, and the "panic" cutter sometimes running in very deep, at other times sliding over the surface without making any impression. Besides the ground was strewn with a kind of stones called "Republican principles," which, whenever the plough struck one of them, was sure to flint it, or make it leap out of the ground, and tip the ploughman over.

The soil consisted chiefly of two sorts, Republican ground and Aristocratic ground, with here and there a little admixture of both. In ploughing the eastern fields the Federal team got along tolerably well, the bull and cow pulling strong, and when the plough struck upon republican ground, the family followed with a kind of muttock, called "Registry law, Alien law, & Property Qualification," with which they scarified the surface. Here, too, the Democratic team did first rate work as far as it went, but in consequence of the numerous "log rollings," that had been lately made, it could not work to the greatest advantage. But when the mid-lands was entered upon, it was then that the Democratic team began to go ahead. Never was work done quicker and better—never were furrows straighter—in short the whole of N. York, N. Jersey, Pennsylvania, Maryland, and Virginia, were finished before the Federal team could "mark off a land." The Southern and Southwestern lands were then entered upon, through which the Democratic team worked its way with the utmost ease and regularity, the teamster, Martin, attracting the universal admiration of ever beholder, for his frank and straight forward course.—On this ground, the black bull began to give out, and finally laid down and refused to budge another step, whereupon the Federal family resolved to supply his place with a colt called "Cotton Speculation," in the hope of being able to do some work; but the colt having never been tried before they put a boy on his back named Nicky Biddle, as Tip had never been used to plough with any thing but "horned cattle."

But the troubles of the Federal family had begun and there was no telling where they would end. Their rope began to untwist, their plough had become blunt, whilst all the time the Democratic team was pushing ahead, following by plaudits of Uncle Sam's children. After these lands had been finished by the Democratic team in the very best style, it could be easily perceived how the match would terminate, and many of the federal family began fast to lose their temper; but as the Western lands were yet to be ploughed, they rallied their spirits for another effort. The colt was turned out and the bull again yoked up, as the ploughman preferred that kind of team. But here the cow gave signs of failing, and it was the opinion of the doctor that she had symptoms of the murrain, as she had for some time ceased to give milk, or in other words had "suspended payment." The bull, however, stood his ground very well though it was seen he had lost much of his strength since he left the eastern lands. Old Tip did his best to hold the plough, and kept his eye all the time fixed upon the rope, refusing to answer a question during the whole operation, "either to friends or foe." After scratching along over the west in a bungling manner with a small log cabin perched upon the plough beam to keep the cutter in the ground, they struck upon a place where an immense quantity of public stores were deposited, called "Fort Stephenson." Here the ploughman suddenly let go the plough, and seizing a torch which some one carried, pushed toward the stores and attempted to set them on fire. This was happily prevented by a little fellow named Craghan, which so enraged old Tip, that he immediately broke his long silence, exclaiming, "I resign!" and taking to his heels, trotted off to North Bend.

All was now dismay and confusion in the Federal family—some followed the ploughman, crying, "Go it Tip," others screamed out "the cider is sour,"—while others gathered round the cow, as though she was able to afford some relief; but to add to their grief, she seized with a sudden malady, and after floundering a while, she bursted." The bull was then unyoked, which was no sooner done, than to the amazement of every beholder, he bounded like a deer over the plain, to the cry of "Come it Tyler," and clearing Lake Erie, he made a lodgment on the Canada shore.

The few members of the Federal family that lingered on the ground, now formed themselves into a procession, and hoisting their banners, determined to make a decent retreat. Daniel Webster placed himself at their head, and after a short speech, in which he boasted of the rapid advance of Whig principles, proposed to carry their "cannon" to the banks of State creek, raising his arm and his voice, he exclaimed, "and then, my friends, we'll row to the head waters of Salt river, and in the next

freshet we'll come down upon these rascally Democrats like a torrent!"

The Democrats were now left in possession of the farm, having done three-fourths of the work in the best style. In fact, the horses, the plough, and the ploughman, were in as good condition after the contest as before it commenced. They were accordingly declared the victors, the best farmers, the best ploughmen—in short, the real bone and sinew of the farm.

**PLOUGH BOY.**

**Most Infamous Business.**—At a meeting of the abolition Society in New York, according to the New York Herald, a Mr. Galusha, developed the infamy of certain renegades who went from this country to the World's Convention. He stated, says the Herald, that at the world's Convention the principal Directors of the East India Company had attended and pointed out that the only means to destroy slavery in the southern states of North America, was to encourage, by every means, the cultivation of cotton, by free labor, in the East Indies. That convention solemnly pledged themselves (Americans and all) to do all that they could by speaking, writing, travelling, exhorting and spending all their money—to destroy the cultivation of cotton in the south, and to encourage the growth of it in the East Indies. He said that the East India Company had begun this system and intended to carry it out on a very large scale; that all the wealthy men of England and America (meaning Abolitionists) meant to support this movement; that it was a righteous competition; that the Convention would endeavor to suppress the purchase of cotton from the United States; and that the abolitionists of America would help them to sustain this point in every possible way.

**John C. Clark gives it up.**—The Norwich (Chenango county) Journal, says:—John C. Clark has written a letter to a friend in this county, stating in substance as follows:—That no dependence can be placed on Virginia for Harrison; that the prospect in Ohio for Old Tip is discouraging; that there is no hope of saving Pennsylvania or Georgia; that he had sundry misgivings about New York; also, that he hated to see Chenango county go for Van Buren, but feared it would do so—that all that can be done in this premises is to keep up of cabin appearances."—New Era.

**Singular freak of an American Sailor.**—On Tuesday evening at the Philadelphia American liner, was entering the locks of the St. Katherine's dock, a female about 30 years of age attempted to cross the bridge over the lock, and which was on the swing at the time to let the vessel in. In leaping from one part of the bridge to the other, she unfortunately fell into the water, which in that part is 26 feet deep. Her clothes supported her for a short time, and she was caught hold of with a staff by one of the lock men, and no doubt would have been soon safely transferred to land, had not a sailor on board the Philadelphia who had observed the accident, immediately divested himself of every particle of clothing, and jumped in after her, swearing that no one should save her but himself. Upon rising to the surface of the water, he swam immediately to the female, and setting her free from the staff, took her out into the river, and brought her round to St. Catherine's stairs, where he allowed her to go on shore. The sailor swam back to his ship, playing the most astonishing antics in the water, amidst the shouts and laughter of the spectators.

**Horrid Massacre—countless lives destroyed.**—Some queer fishes were found in the garden at Willow Grove when the water was drawn off. But the queerest thing that occurred there or any where within this vicinity lately, was the inhuman massacre of a legion of bats, which were discovered nested in the roof and eaves of the house. A net was placed at a hole which was their entrance, and the bats were beaten out of the house into the net. The net was filled a dozen times, and whole bushels of these creeping birds, these flying rats, were thrown into the river. A whole nation of the *vespertilio* was exterminated.

**N. O. Pic.**

**"Old Woman said I!"**—Mr. Doney, the officer employed to take the census of Kings county, informs the Brooklyn News that he met at the residence of Mrs. Maria Sutwell, at Gravesend, a colored woman at the advanced age of one hundred and thirteen! She appears to be in perfect health; eats, drinks, and sleeps well. She performs all her duty as a domestic with astonishing energy and activity. She says she can milk the cows as readily as she could a hundred years ago!

**Rightly Named.**—The vote of the county of Daviess, Illinois, was 1095 Democrats to 397 Federal. The gallant Daviess yielded his life at Tippecanoe to save the army which was put in jeopardy through the folly of Harrison. The county of Jo. Daviess does honor to his name, and we see it stated every surviving relative of the patriot is in favor of Van Buren.

**A Bouncing Ret.**—A Mr. Campbell Stewart, of La Grange, Tennessee, offers, under his own signature, in the Western Whig, a bet of 10,000 on Martin Van Buren's re-election.

**THE COLUMBIA DEMOCRAT.**

"TRUTH WITHOUT FEAR"



BLOOMSBURG:

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 12, 1840.

PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION—1840.  
 FOR PRESIDENT.

**MARTIN VAN BUREN.**

FOR VICE PRESIDENT.

**RICHARD M. JOHNSON.**

AND THE

CONSTITUTIONAL TREASURY.

COUNTY TICKET.  
 SENATOR.

**SAMUEL F. HEADLEY.**

ASSEMBLY.

**DANIEL SNYDER.**

COMMISSIONER.

**CHRISTIAN WOLF.**

TREASURER.

**LEONARD B. RUPERT.**

AUDITOR.

**JOSEPH CRAIG.**

SHERIFF.

**JOHN FRUIT.**

CORONER.

**ANDREW IKELER.**

TO THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY OF PENNSYLVANIA.

The Central Committee takes this opportunity of apprizing their democratic brethren throughout Pennsylvania, that having received intelligence of the death of Col. John Thompson, of the 1st district, Philadelphia county, one of the candidates for elector on the democratic ticket, they have appointed **GEORGE W. SMICK, Esq.** of said district, to fill the vacancy, and have obtained the required written pledge of Mr. S., in case of his election, that he will vote in the Electoral College for **MARTIN VAN BUREN** as President, and **RICHARD M. JOHNSON**, as Vice President of the United States.

They also beg leave to apprise their friends, that ALL the candidates on the democratic electoral ticket have given similar pledges, as required by the democratic 4th of March Convention.

The following may be relied on as a correct list of the names transcribed from the signatures of the candidates themselves.—Editors of newspapers and those having care of the printing and distribution of tickets, will do well first to compare them with this list, as the names at the heads of many of the democratic newspapers are inaccurate.

**ELECTORAL TICKET.**

- |   |                       |
|---|-----------------------|
| JAMES CLARKE, of Indiana, } Senatorial    | 12 Frederick Smith    |
| Geo. G. LEMPER, of Delaware, } Senatorial | 13 Charles McCutcheon |
| 1 George W. Smick                         | 14 J. M. Gamwell      |
| 2 Benjamin Milfin                         | 15 G. M. Hollenback   |
| Frederick Stever                          | 16 Leonard Pfeiffer   |
| 3 Wm. H. Smith                            | 17 John Heston Jr.    |
| 4 John P. Steinman                        | 18 William Philson    |
| John Downis                               | 19 John Morrison      |
| Henry Myers                               | 20 Westly Frost       |
| 5 Daniel Jacoby                           | 21 Benj. Anderson     |
| 6 Jesse Johnson                           | 22 William Wilkins    |
| 7 Jacob Able                              | 23 A. K. Wright       |
| 8 Geo. Christian                          | 24 John Findley       |
| 9 Wm. Shoner                              | 25 Stephen Barlow     |
| 10 Henry Dehoff                           |                       |
| 11 Henry Logan                            |                       |

**JOHN C. BURBER, Chairman.**  
**James Pascock, } Secretaries.**  
**E. W. Hutter, }**

It is with pleasure that we announce that the repairs on the North Branch Canal, now being made, are in a rapid state of forwardness, and that no doubt now remains of their being sufficiently completed by the first of October, at farthest to let in the water.

It is due to Col. J. M'Fadden the enterprising contractor of Lock, No. 4 to mention, that he has entirely completed his contract, with the exception of a few feet of coping, which would have been laid ere this, had not the difficulty of procuring the stone prevented. It is also due to him to say, that, although he has done his work rapidly, (it being but a few day over two months since he first broke ground,) it has been done in a workmanlike manner, and as far as we can learn, to the entire satisfaction of the Engineers.

**THE BUBBLE BURSTING.**

We understand that Messrs. Chambers, Biddle, & Co., who have been engaged in erecting iron works, at Danville, have concluded to build their Rolling Mills at Wilkesbarre and have purchased two tracts of land at that place whereon to erect their works.

Thus we see the promises of the Danville folks, to have two Rolling Mills in operation this fall at that place, have all disappeared in moonshine:—the one building erected a year ago for a Rolling Mill, remains in "statu quo," and is likely to remain so. However, it answers very well for the Danville Band to practice in, for which purpose it is now used, but whether it pays the owners for the amount expended in its erection, we are unable to answer.—The other Rolling Mill was never commenced, and the gentlemen engaged in the undertaking have discovered rather too late, that Danville does not possess all those "transcendent" advantages claimed for it by the "Intelligencer."

A writer in the Bloomfield, (Pa.) Perry Freeman, speaking of the different locations for the manufacture of iron, says, in regard to Bloomsburg and Danville. "The water-power of Fishing Creek, and its excellent ore, give Bloomsburg a decided advantage. At Danville, they must work entirely by steam, this will add 25 per cent to the manufacturing of a ton of iron, and this is a disadvantage, for which a compensation is to be found, if found at all, in the ore being close to the canal." Again the same writer says: "The conclusion we have arrived at is, that there may be many situations on the Susquehanna where iron can be manufactured cheaper than at Danville. If the united expense of fuel, power and transportation is less at Harrisburg, than Danville, it is then the superior situation, and so of every other place."

By the above will be seen the view taken by persons at a distance, who are entirely disinterested in the matter.

Now with regard to "power, fuel, and cost of transportation," we have a few words to say in relation to Bloomsburg.

The water of Fishing Creek is known to be superior to any in this section of the state, and is capable of driving all the machinery necessary for a large iron establishment, and it is an established opinion, that water power is much superior to steam for all manufacturing purposes, being less expensive, and less liable to getting out of order.

With regard to the fuel, Bloomsburg possesses a decided advantage over Danville, in being 12 miles nearer the coal mines than that place.

The Bloomsburg ore is universally admitted by all practicable "iron men" to be from 20 to 30 per cent better than the ore at Danville, and in proof of the fact, we can state, that there has been more iron made at the Roaring Creek furnace, (where they use Bloomsburg ore,) for the time she has been in blast, and from the same quantity of ore, than at any anthracite furnace of her size in the United States.

The location of Bloomsburg possesses these advantages over Danville—the ore of a much superior quality, the excellent water power of Fishing Creek, and the fact of 12 miles nearer than at Danville.

Thus in every view, Bloomsburg, has the decided advantage, for if it should be found more profitable to locate the Rolling Mills at Wilkesbarre, there will be a saving of 24 miles in transportation of the coal down and the metal up, and even when they erect their furnaces there, they will come to Bloomsburg for their ore, and those who purchase it, to take below, who always give a decided preference to the Bloomsburg ore, as the difference in the distance will be more than made up in the difference in quality. These are stubborn facts, and cannot be got over by paper calculation.

Bloomsburg must and will go ahead, and will be the centre of the iron business of Columbia county, and we will see Danville sink into its former insignificance. If Danville possesses all the advantages claimed for it by the Intelligencer, why is it not a citizen of Danville has ever embarked in the iron business there? Why is it that they suffer strangers to come in and bear off the prize? Why is it that John C. Boyd, who owned the property on which the "Danville Furnace" was erected, should have sold it to Mr. Patterson, and then gone to Shamokin and put up one of the largest stacks in the state? The answer is obvious they knew too well the quality and extent of the ore, and they were in the habit of seeing iron manufacturers passing their town daily, and coming to Bloomsburg